

C.34.k.13

*Second Part of Henric the Fourth. 1600.*

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There is only one early edition of this play, but some copies have an enlarged sheet E, with an additional scene, consisting of six leaves. The fact clearly is that, as originally published, sheet E contained only four leaves. The error was found out, & in copies issued afterwards, the sheet was altered. There are two copies in the Museum, but both have the enlarged sheet. The present genuine copy of the original sheet is taken from a duplicate in my collection.



*Henry the fourth.*

*Dol.* For Gods sake thrust him down staires, I cannot indure  
such a fustian rascall.

*Pist.* Thrust him downe staires, know we not Galloway  
naggess?

*Falst.* Quaite him downe Bardolfe like a shoue-groat (shil-  
ling, nay, and a doe nothing but speake nothing, a shall be no-  
thing here.

*Bard.* Come, get you downe staires.

*Pist.* What shall we haue incision? shall we imbrew? then  
death rocke me a sleepe, abridge my dolefull daies: why then  
let grieuons gastly gaping wounds vntwinde the sisters three,  
come Atropose I say.

*Host.* Heres goodly stuffe toward.

*Falst.* Giue me my rapier, boy.

*Dol.* I pray thee lacke, I pray thee do not drawe.

*Fal.* Get you downe staires.

*Host.* Heres a goodly tumult, ile forswear keeping house a-  
fore ile be in these tirrits and frights, so, murder I warant now,  
alas, alas, put vp your naked weapons, put vp your naked wea-  
pons.

*Dol.* I pray thee Iack be quiet, the rascal's gone, ah you hor-  
son little vliant villaine you.

*Host.* Are you not hurte i th groyne? me thought a made a  
shrewd thrust at your belly.

*Fal.* Haue you turnd him out a doores?

*Bar.* Yea sir, the rascal's drunke, you haue hurt him sir i th  
shoulder.

*Fal.* A rascall to braue me?

*Dol.* A you sweet little rogue you, alas poore ape how thou  
sweatst, come let me wipe thy face, come on you horse  
chops: a rogue, yfaith I loue thee, thou art as valorous as He-  
ctor of Troy, woorth fine of Agameimnon, & ten times better  
then the nine Worthies, a villaine!

*Fal.* Ah rascally slaue! I will tosse the rogue in a blanket.

*Dol.* Do and thou darst for thy heart, and thou dost, ile can-  
uas thee betweene a payre of sheetes.

E

Boy.



## The second part of

*Boy* The musike is come sir. *enter musicke.*

*Fal.* Let them play, play sirs, sit on my knee Doll, a rascall bragging flauel the rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

*Dol* Yfaith and thou followdst him like a church, thou horson little tydee Bartholemew borepigge, when wilt thou leaue fighting a daies and foyning a nights, and begin to patch vp thine old body for heauen.

*Enter Prince and Poynes.*

*Fal.* Peace good Doll, do not speake like a deathes head, do not bid me remember mine end.

*Dol* Sirr a, what humour's the prince of?

*Fal.* A good shallow yong fellow, a would haue made a good pantler, a would a chipt bread wel.

*Dol* They say Poynes has a good wit.

*Fal.* He a good wit? hang him baboon, his wit's as thicke as Tewksbury mustard, theres no more conceit in him then is in a mallet.

*Dol* Why does the prince loue him so then?

*Fal.* Because their legges are both of a bignesse, and a plaies at quoytes well, and eates cunger and fennel, and drinckes off candles endes for flappe-dragons, and rides the wilde mare with the boyes, and iumpes vpon ioynd-stooles, and sweares with a good grace, and weares his bootes very smoothe like vnto the signe of the Legge, and breedes no bate with telling of discreet stories, and such other gambole faculties a has that shew a weake minde, and an able bodie for the which the prince admits him: for the prince himself is such another, the weight of a haire wil turne scales between their haber de poiz.

*Prince* Would not this naue of a wheele haue his eares cut off?

*Poynes* Lets beate him before his whore.

*Prince* Looke where the witherd elder hath not his poule clawd like a parrot.

*Poynes* Is it not strange that desire should so many yeeres out linc performance.

*Falst.* Kisse me Doll.

*Prince*

## Henry the fourth.

*Prince* Saturne and Venus this yeere in coniunction? what saies th' Almanacke to that?

*Poyns* And look whether the fierie Trigon his man be not lipping to his master, old tables, his note booke, his counsel keeper?

*Falst.* Thou dost giue me flattering buffes.

*Dol* By my troth I kisse thee with a most constant heart.

*Falst.* I am old, I am old.

*Dol.* I loue thee better then I loue, ere a scurvy yong boy of them all.

*Fal.* What stufte wilt haue a kirtle of? I shall receiue mony a thursfday, thalt haue a cap to morrow: a merry song, come it growes late, weele to bed, thou't forget me when I am gone.

*Dol* Ey my troth thou't set me a weeping and thou faist so, proue that euer I dresse my selfe handsome til thy returne, wel hearken a th end.

*Fal.* Some sacke Francis.

*Prince, Poynes* Anon anon sir.

*Falst.* Ha? a bastard sonne of the Kings? and arte not thou Poynes his brother?

*Prince* Why thou globe of sinfull continents, what a life dost thou leade?

*Falst.* A better then thou, I am a gentleman, thou art a drawer.

*Prince* Very true sir, and I come to drawe you out by the eares.

*Hof.* O the Lord preserue thy grace: by my troth welcom to London, now the Lord blesse that sweete face of thine, O Iesu, are you come from Wales?

*Falst.* Thou horson madde compound of maiestie, by this light, flesh, and corrupt bloud, thou art welcome.

*Dol* How? you fat foole I scorne you.

*Poynes* Mylorde, he will driue you out of your reuenge, and turne all to a meriment if you take not the heate.

*Prince* You horson candlemine you, how vildly did you speake of me now, before this honest, vertuous, ciuill gentlewoman?

E 2

*Hof.*



## The second part of

*Host.* Gods blessing of your good heart, and so she is by my roth.

*Falst.* Didst thou heare me?

*Prince* Yea and you knew me as you did, when you ranne away by Gadshil, you knew I was at your backe, and spoke it, on purpose to trie my patience.

*Falst.* No, no, no, not so, I did not thinke thou wast within hearing.

*Prince* I shall driue you then to confesse the wilfull abuse, and then I know how to handle you.

*Falst.* No abuse Hall a mine honour, no abuse.

*Prince* Not to dispraise me, and cal me pantler and bread-chipper, and I know not what?

*Fal.* No abuse Hall.

*Paynes* No abuse?

*Falst.* No abuse Ned i'th worlde, honest Ned, none, I dispraisde him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in loue with thee: in which doing, I haue done the part of a carefull friend and a true subiect, and thy father is to giue me thanks for it, no abuse Hall, none Ned, none, no faith boyes none.

*Prince* Seenow whether pure feare and intire cowardize, doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with vs: is she of the wicked, is thine hostesse here of the wicked, or is thy boy of the wicked, or honest Bardolfe whose zeal burnes in his nose of the wicked?

*Paynes* Answer thou dead elme, answer.

*Falst.* The fiend hath prickt down Bardolfe irrecoverable, and his face is Lucifers priuy kitchin, where he doth nothing but rost mault-worms, for the boy there is a good angel about him, but the diuel blinds him too.

*Prince* For the weomen.

*Falst.* For one of them shees in hell already, and burnes poore soules: for th'other I owe her mony, and whether she be damnd for that I know not.

*Host*

## Henry the fourth.

*Host.* No I warrant you.

*Falst.* No I thinke thou art not, I thinke thou art quit for that, mary there is another inditement vpon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house contrary to the law, for the which I thinke thou wilt howle.

*Host.* Al vitlars do so, whats a ioynt of mutton or twoo in a

*Prince* You gentlewoman. (whole Lent?)

*Dol* What saies your grace?

*Fal.* His grace saies that which his flesh rebels against.

*Peyto* knockes at doore.

*Host.* Who knockes so lowd at doore? looke too'th doore there Francis.

*Prince* Peyto, how now, what newes?

*Peyto* The King your father is at Westminster, And there are twenty weake and wearied postes, Come from the North, and as I came along I met and ouertooke a dozen captaines, Bareheaded, sweating, knocking at the Tauernes, And asking euery one for sir Iohn Falstaffe.

*Prince* By heauen Poinces, I feele me much too blame, Soidely to prophane the precious time, When tempest of commotion like the south. Borne with blacke vapour doth begin to melt, And drop vpon our bare vnarmed heads, Giue me my sword and cloke: Falstaffe good night.

*exunt Prince and Paynes.*

*Fal.* Now coms in the sweetest morsell of the night, & we must hence and leaue it vnpickt: more knocking at the doore, how now, whats the matter?

*Bar.* You must away to court sir presently, A dozen captaines stay at doore for you.

*Fal.* Pay the musitions sirra, farewell hostesse, farewell Dol, you see my good wenches how men of merrite are fought after, the vnderferuer may sleepe, when the man of action is cald on, farewell good wenches, if I be not sent away poste, I will see you againe ere I goe.

E 3

*Dol.*



## The second part of

*Doll* I cannot speake, if my hart be not ready to burst: wel  
sweete Iacke, haue a care of thy selfe.

*Fal.* Farewell, farewell.

*Hof.* Wel, fare thee wel, I haue knowne thee these twentie  
nine yeeres, come pease-cod time, but an honeste, and truer  
hearted man: wel, fare thee wel.

*Bard.* Mistris Tere-sheete.

*Hof.* Whats the matter?

*Bard.* Bid mistris Tere-sheete come to my maister.

*Hof.* O runne Doll, runne, runne good Doll, come, shee  
comes blubberd, yea? wil you come Doll? *exunt*

*Enter Iustice Shallow, and Iustice Silens.*

*Sha.* Come on, come on, come on, giue me your hand sir,  
giue me your hand sir, an early stirrer, by the Roode: and how  
doth my good coosin Silens?

*Si.* Good morrow good coosine Shallow.

*Sha.* And how doth my coosin your bedfellow? and your  
fairest daughter and mine, my god-daughter Ellen?

*Si.* Alas, a blacke woofel, coosin Shallow.

*Sha.* By yea, and no, sir, I dare say my coosin William is be-  
come a good scholler, he is at Oxford stil, is he not?

*Si.* Indeede sir to my cost.

*Sha.* A must then to the Innes a court shortly: I was once  
of Clements Inne, where I thinke they wil talke of mad Shal-  
low yet.

*Si.* You were calld Lusty Shallow then, coosin.

*Sha.* By the masse I was calld any thing, and I would haue  
done any thing indeede too, and roundly too: there was I, and  
little Iohn Doyt of Staffordshire, and blacke George Barnes,  
and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele a Cotsole man, you  
had not foure such swinge-bucklers in all the Innes a court a-  
gaine, and I may say to you, wee knewe where the bona robes  
were, and had the best of them all at commaundement: then  
was Iacke Falstaffe, now sir Iohn, a boy, and page to Thomas  
Mowbray duke of Norffolke.

*Si.* This sir Iohn, coosin, that comes hither anone *about*  
*fouldie*

## Henry the fourth.

souldiers?

*Sha.* The same sir Iohn, the very same, I see him breake  
Skoggins head at the Court gate, when a was a Cracke, not  
thus high: and the very same day did I fight with one Samson  
Stockefish a Fruiterer behinde Greyes Inne: Iesu, Iesu, the  
mad dayes that I haue spent! and to see how many of my olde  
acquaintance are dead.

*Si.* We shal all follow, coosin.

*Sha.* Certaine, tis certaine, very sure, very sure, death (as the  
Palmist saith) is certaine to all, all shall die. How a good yoke  
of bullockes at Samforth faire?

*Si.* By my troth I was not there.

*Sha.* Death is certaine: Is old Dooble of your towne liu-  
ing yet?

*Si.* Dead sir.

*Sha.* Iesu, Iesu, dead! a drew a good bow, and dead? a shot  
a fine shoote: Iohn a Gaunt loued him well, and betted much  
money on his head. Dead? a would haue clapt ith clowt at  
twelue score, and carried you a forehand shaft a fourteene and  
foureteene and a halfe, that it would haue doone a mans heart  
good to see. How a score of Ewes now?

*Si.* Thereafter as they bee, a score of good ewes may bee  
worth ten pounds.

*Sha.* And is olde Dooble dead?

*Si.* Here come two of sir Iohn Falstaffes men, as I thinke.

*Enter Bardolfe, and one with him*

Good morrow honest gentlemen.

*Bardolfe* I beseech you, which is iustice Shallow?

*Sha.* I am Robart Shallowe, sir, a poore Esquier of this  
Countie, and one of the Kings iustices of the peace: what is  
your good pleasure with me?

*Bard.* My Captaine, sir, commends him to you, my Cap-  
tain sir Iohn Falstaffe, a tall gentleman, by heauen, and a most  
gallant Leader.

*Sha.* He greetes me wel, sir, I knew him a good backsword  
man: how doth the good Knight? may I aske how my Ladie  
his



## The second part of

his wife doth.

*Bar.* Sir, pardon, a souldiour is better accomodate then with a wife.

*Shal.* It is well said infaith sir, and it is well said indeed too, better accomodated, it is good, yea indeede is it, good phraes are surely, and euer were, very commendable, accommodated, it comes of *accommodo*, very good, a good phrafe.

*Bar.* Pardon sir, I haue heard the word, Phrafe call you it? by this daye I knowe not the phrafe, but I will maintaine the word with my sword to be a souldierlike word, and a word of exceeding good command, by heauen, accommodated; that is when a man is as they say, accommodated, or when a man is being whereby, a may be thought to be accommodated, which is an excellent thing.

*Enter Falstaffe.*

*Iust.* It is very iust, look, here comes good sir Iohn, giue me your good hand, giue me your worshippes good hand, by my troth you like well, and beare your yeeres very well, welcome good sir Iohn.

*Falst.* I am glad to see you well, good master Robert Shallow, master Soccard (as I thinke.)

*Shal.* No sir Iohn, it is my cofen Scilens in commission with me.

*Falst.* Good master Scilens, it well befits you should be of the peace.

*Scil.* Your good worship is welcome.

*Fal.* Fie this is hot weather gentlemen, haue you provided me here halfe a dozen sufficient men?

*Shal.* Mary haue we sir, wil you sit?

*Fal.* Let me see them I beseech you.

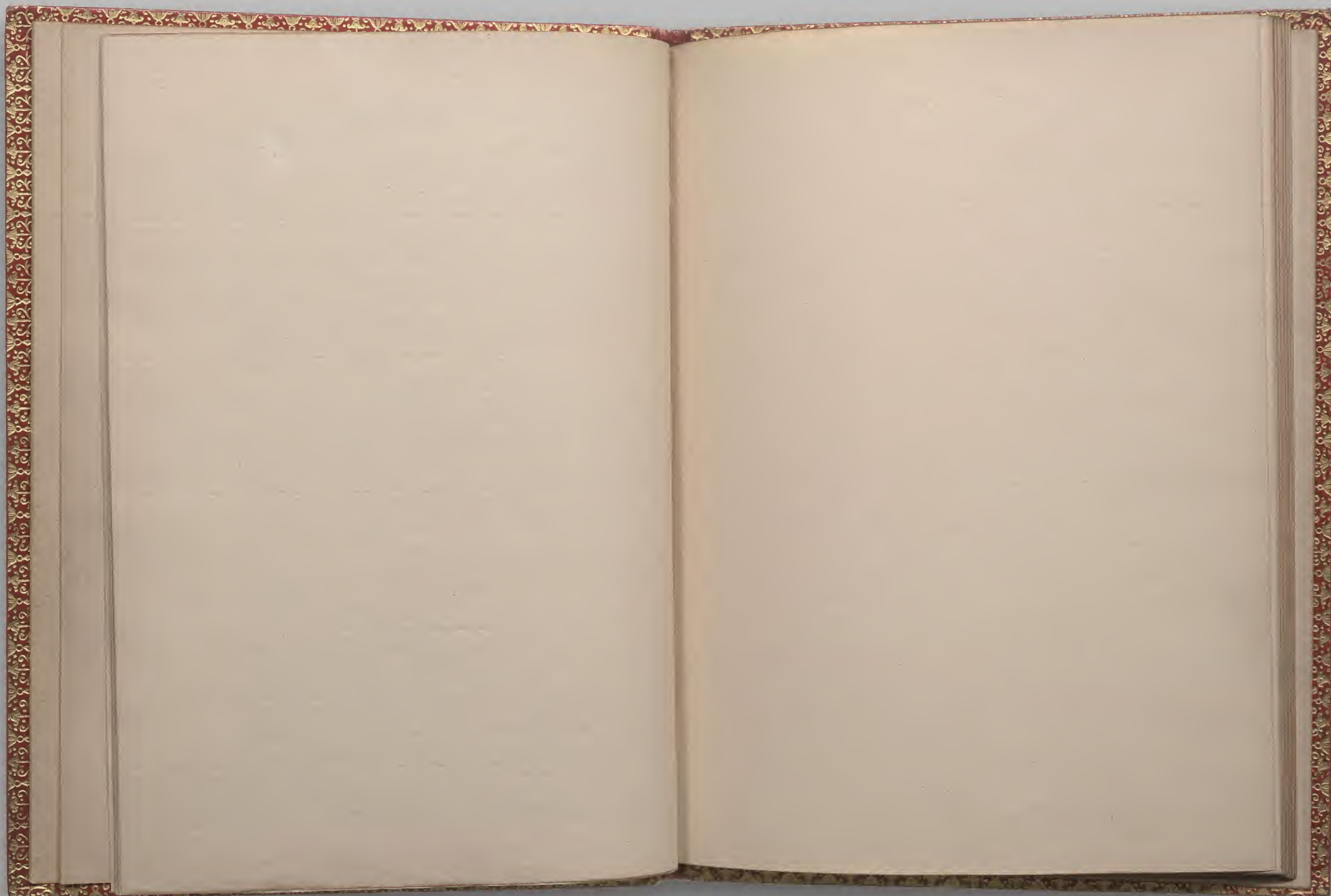
*Shal.* Wheres the roule? wheres the roule? wheres the roule? let me see, let me see, so, so, so, so, so (so, so) yea mary sir, Rafe Mouldy, let them appeare as I cal, let them do, so, let them do, so, let me see, where is Mouldy?

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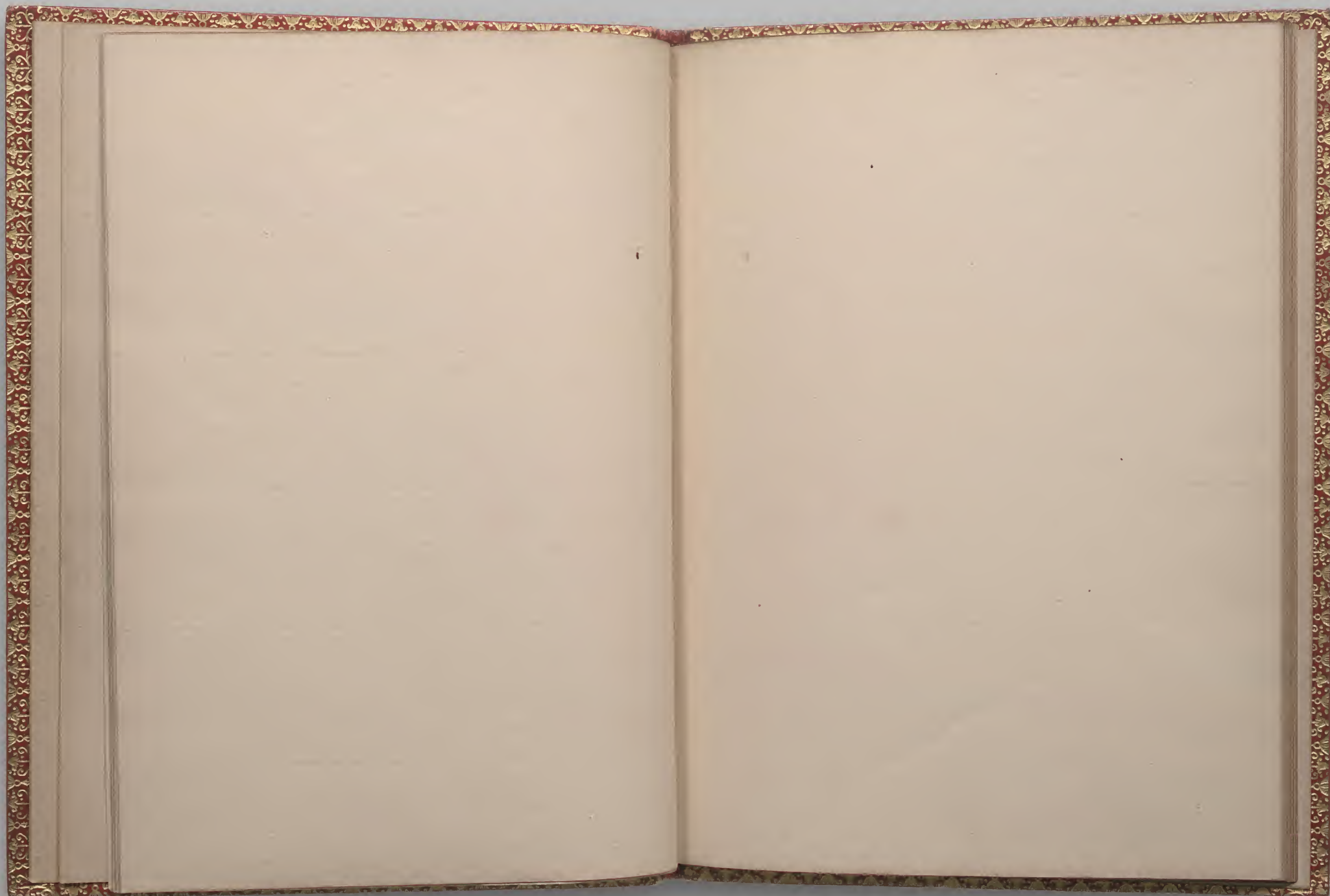
*Mouldy.* Here, and't please you.

*Shal.* What think you sir Iohn, a good limbe, fi low, yong, strong,

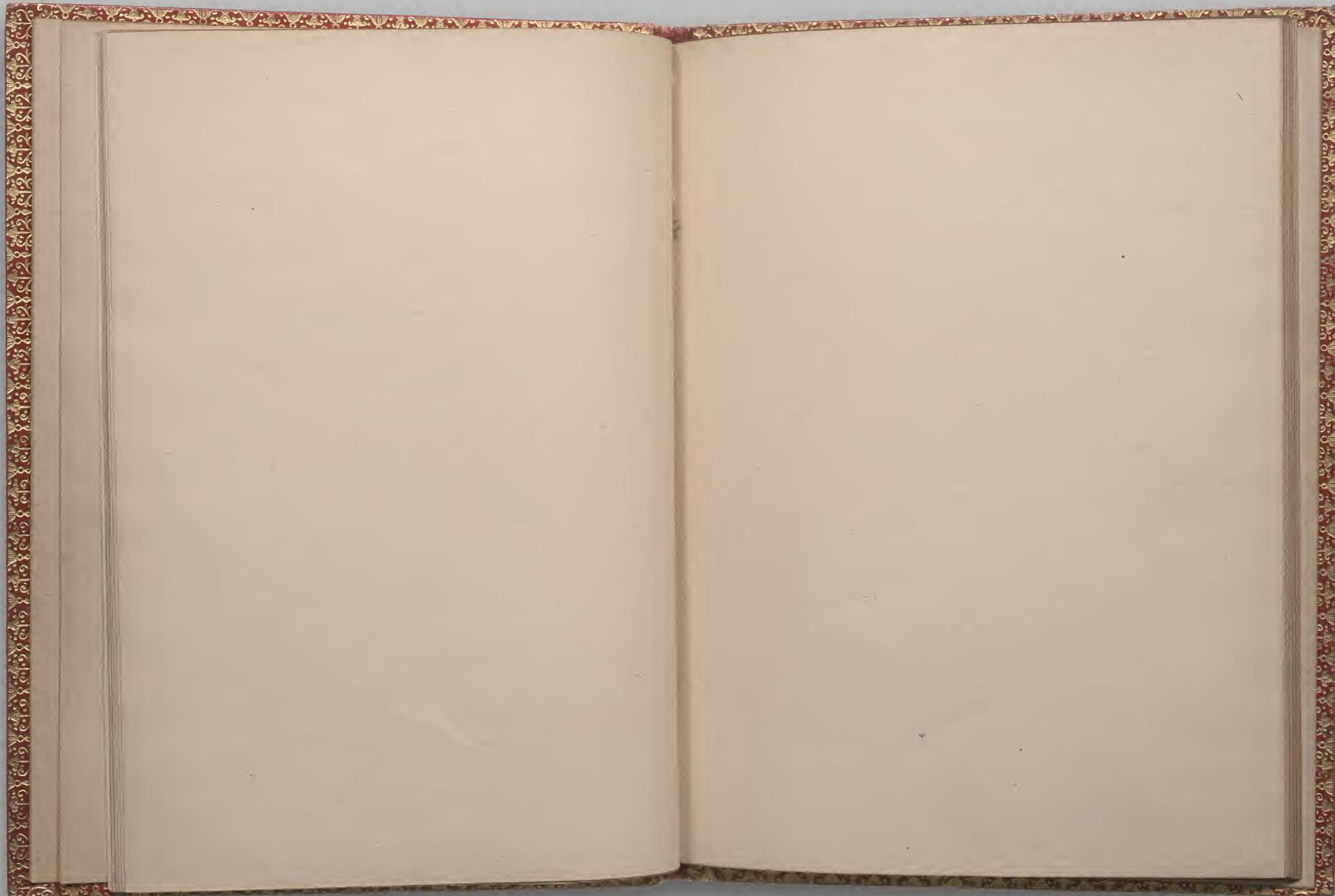




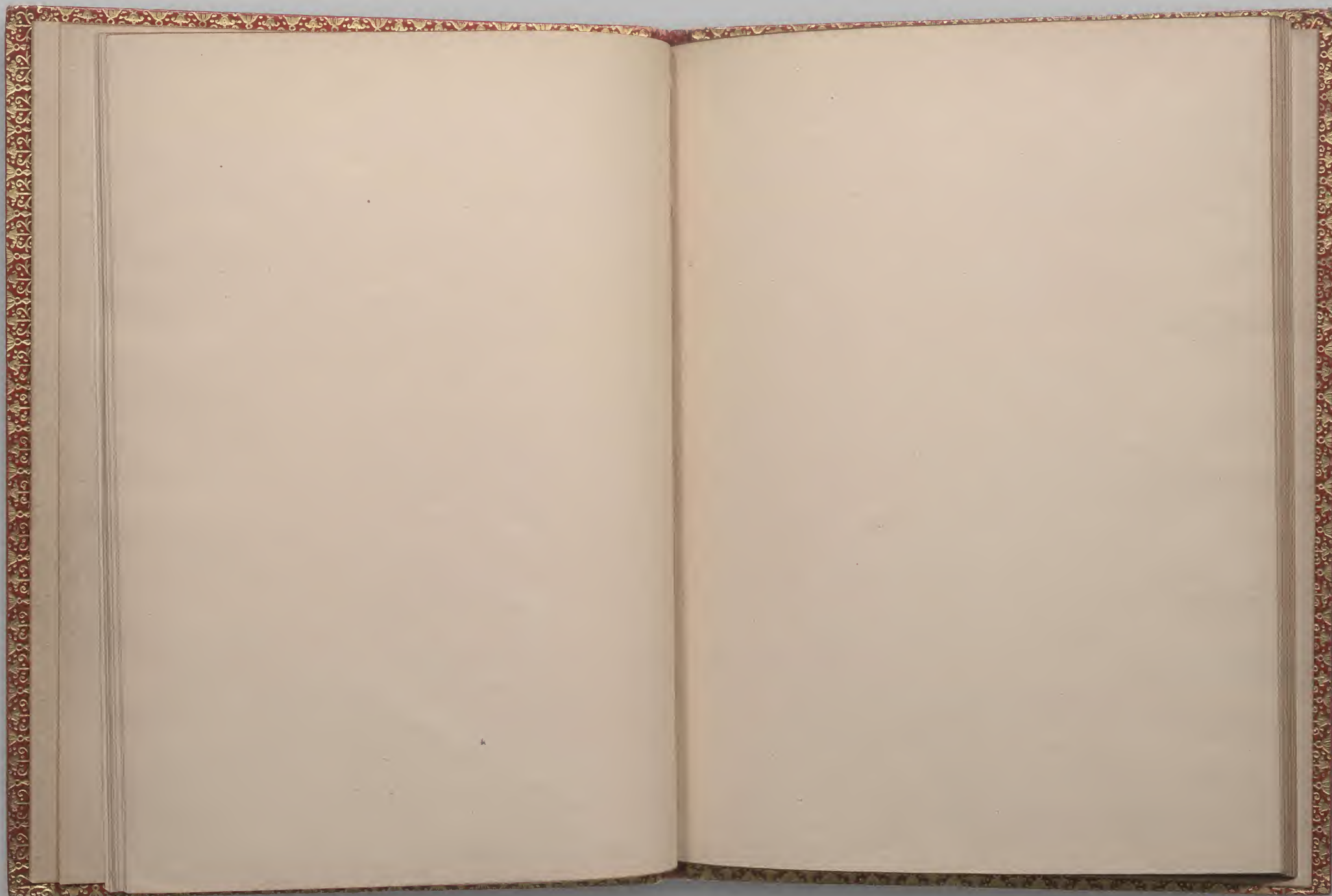




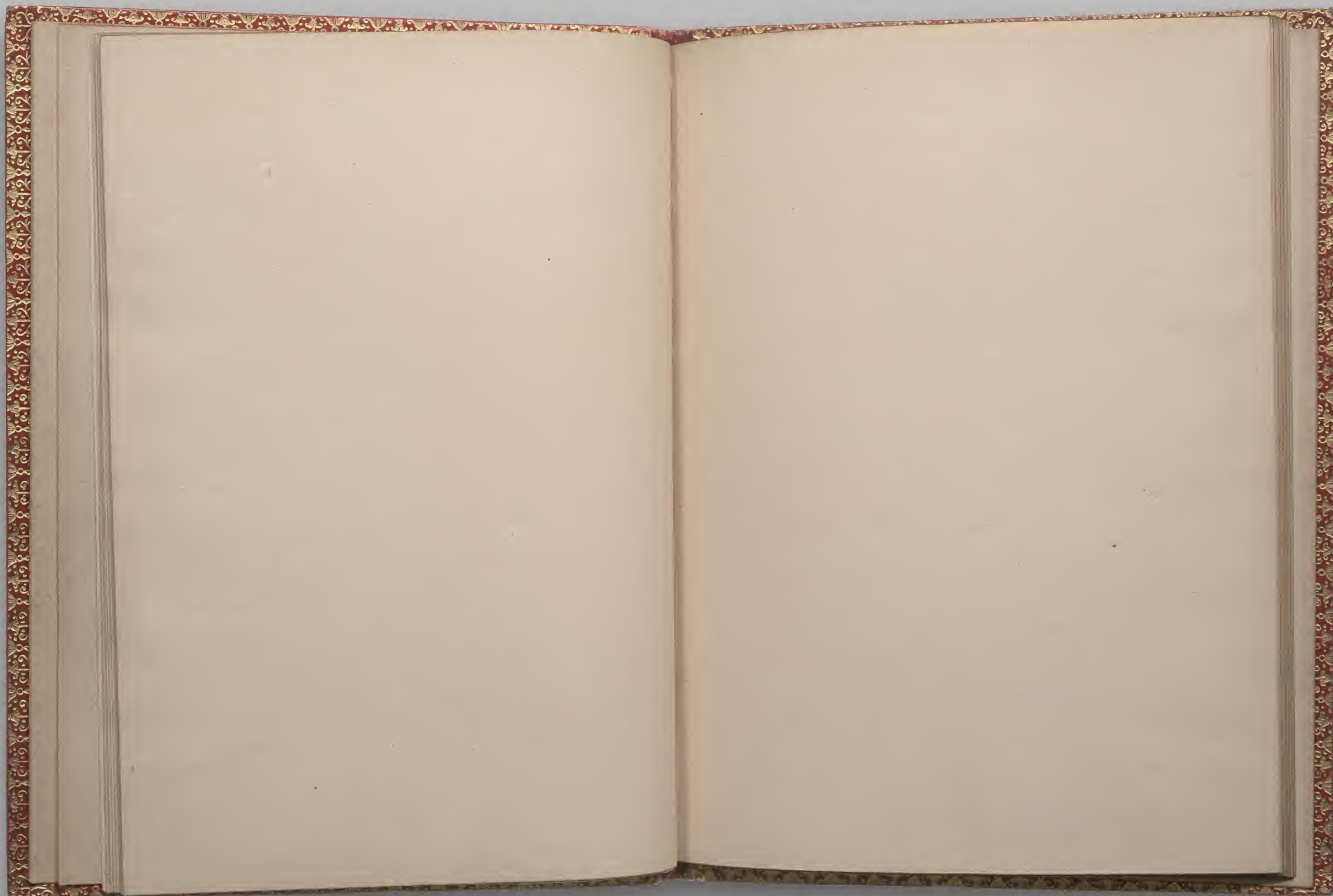




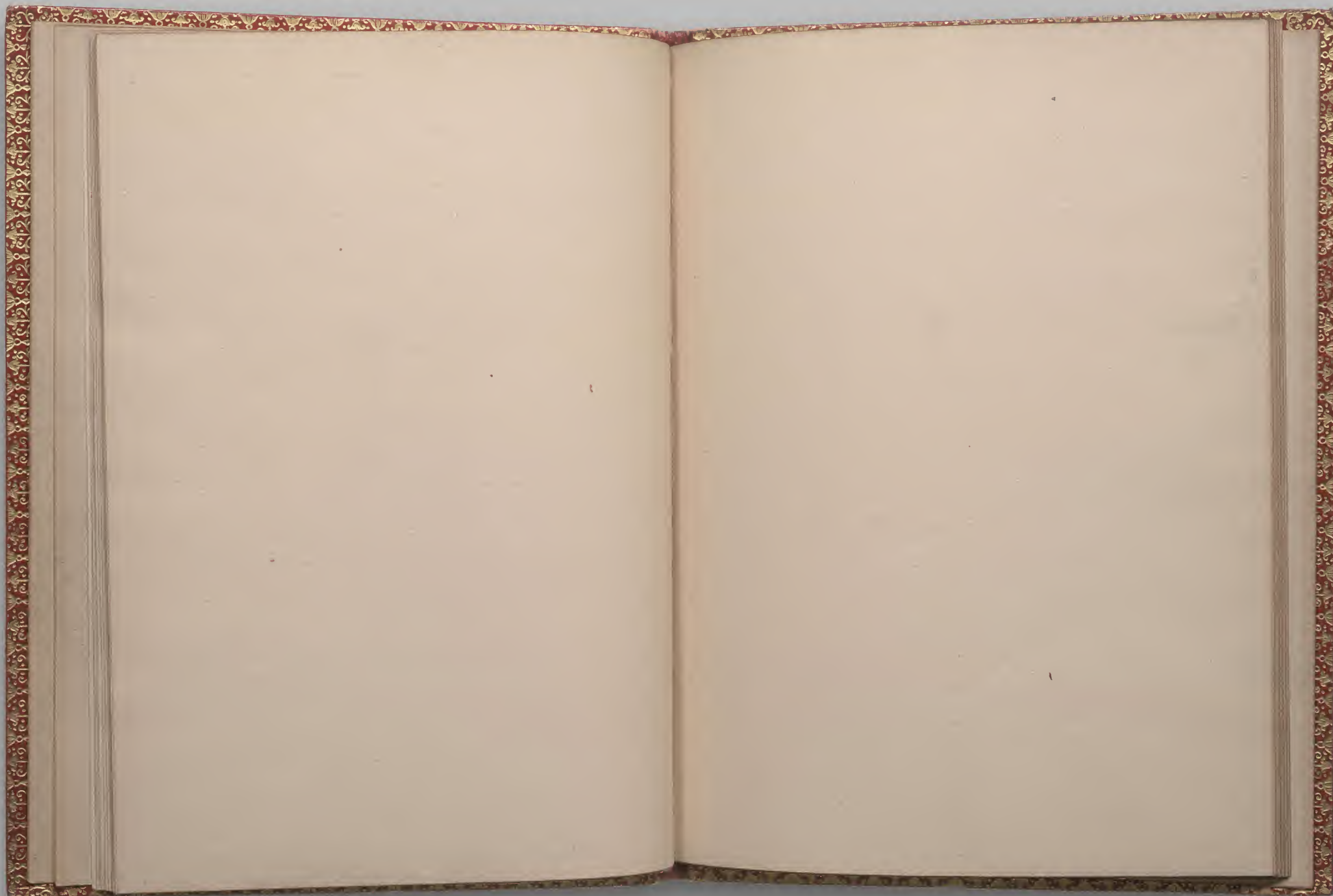




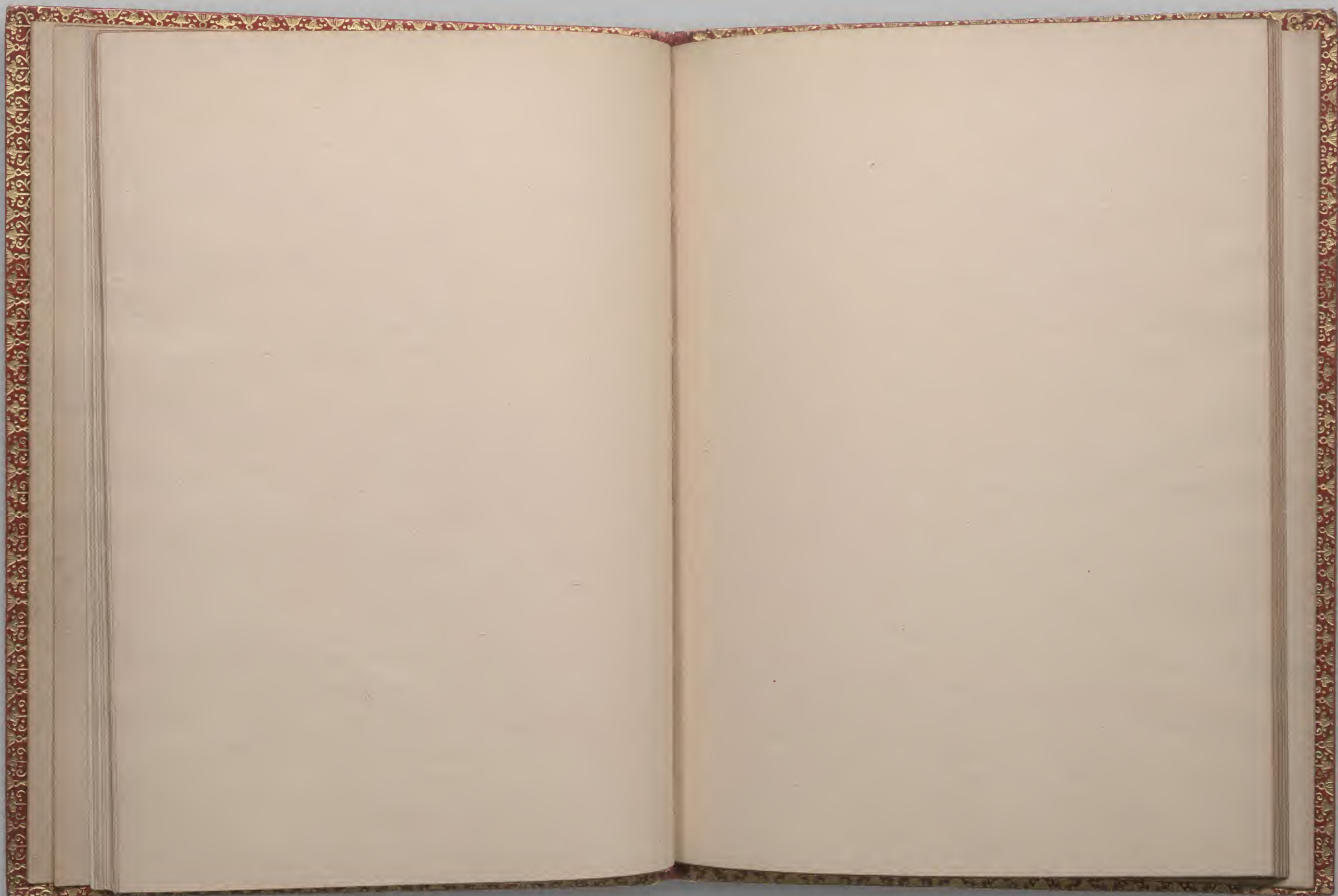




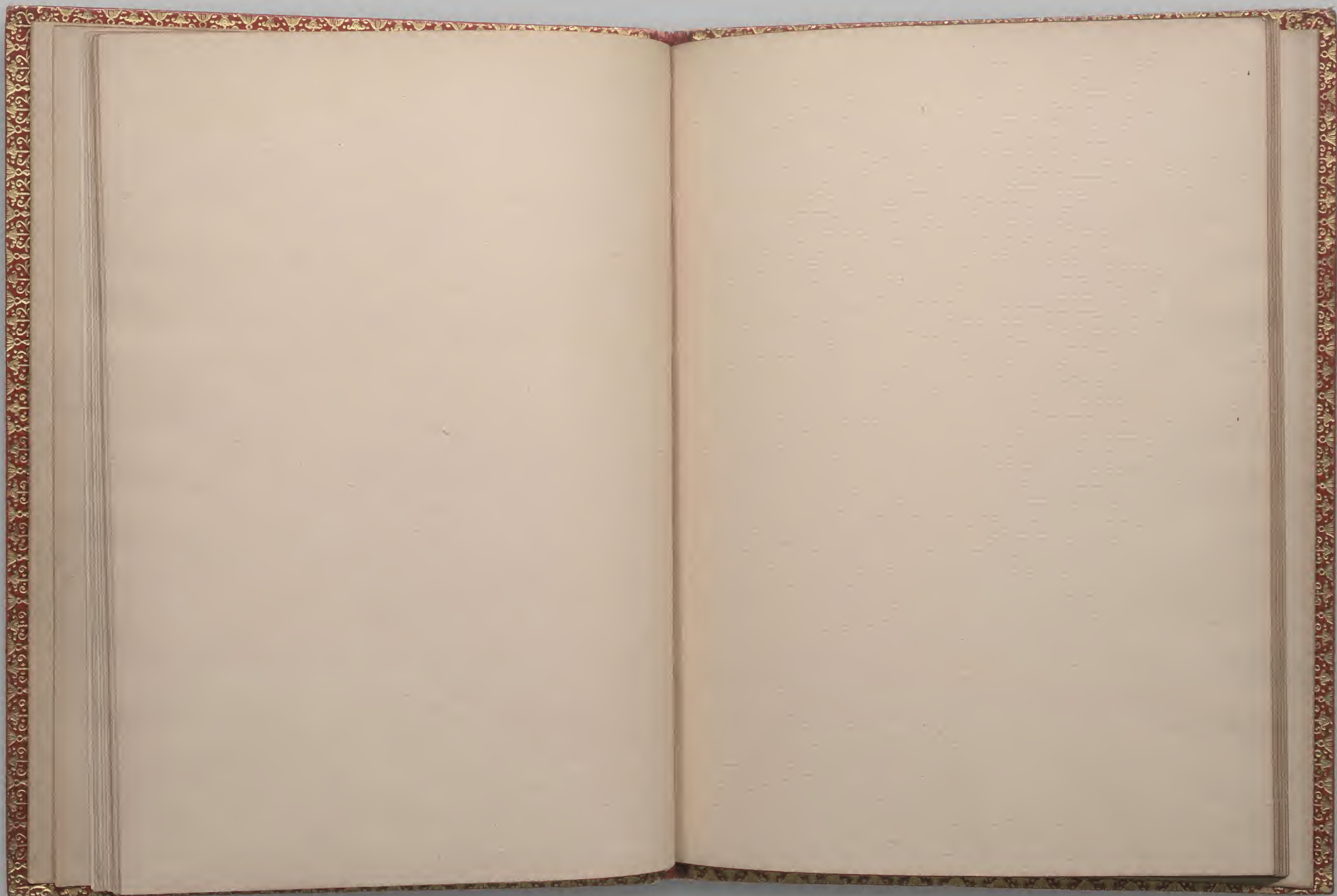




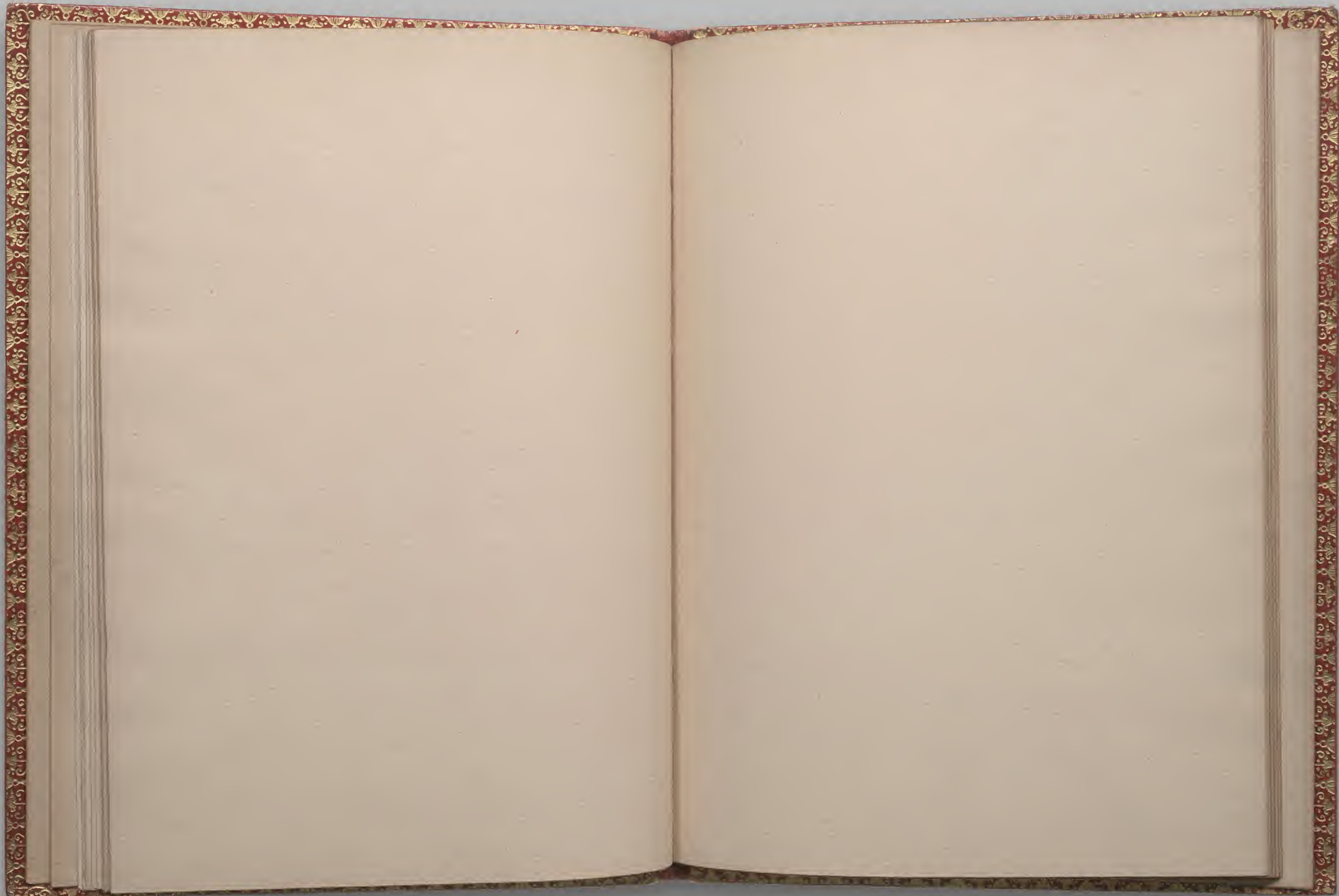




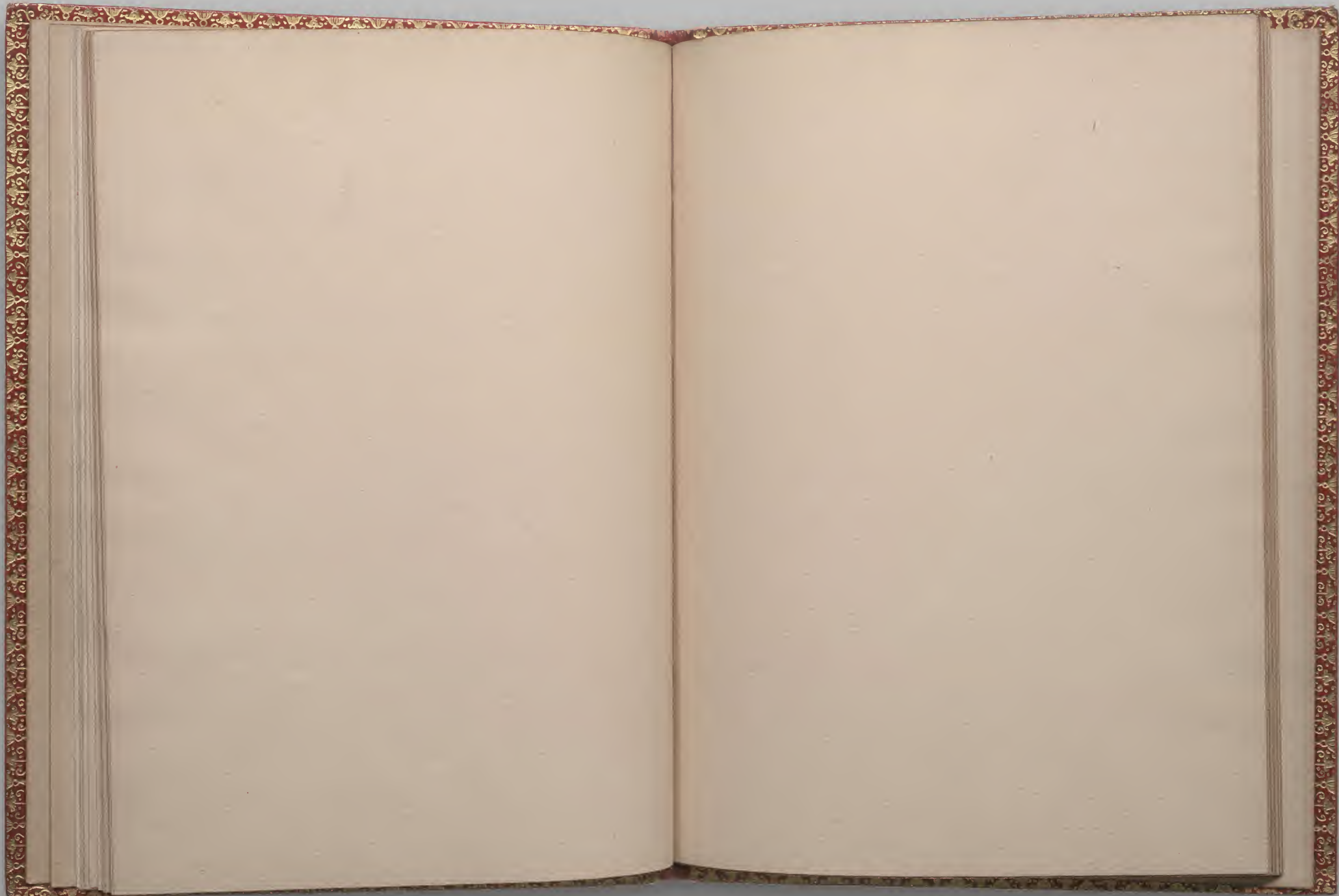




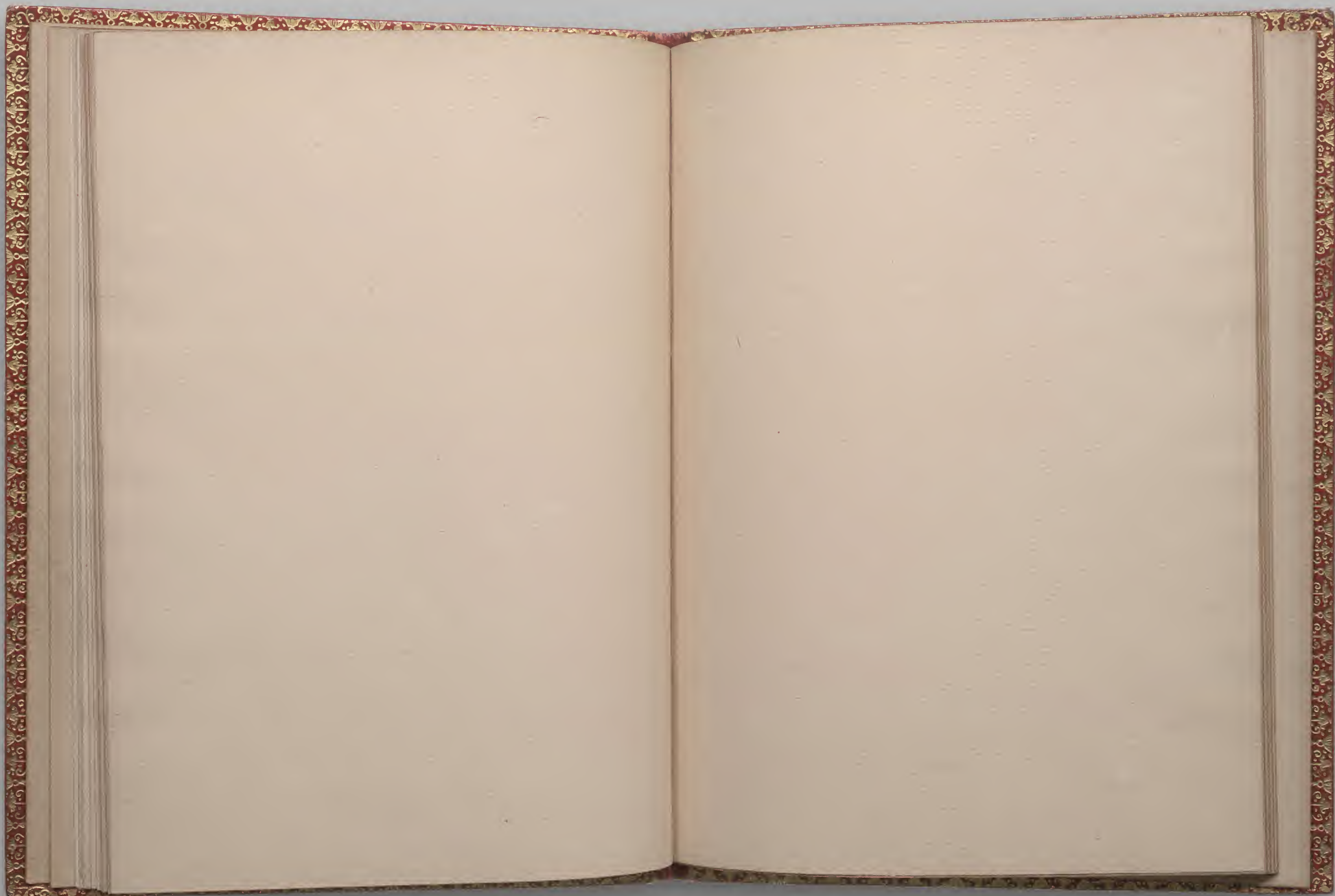




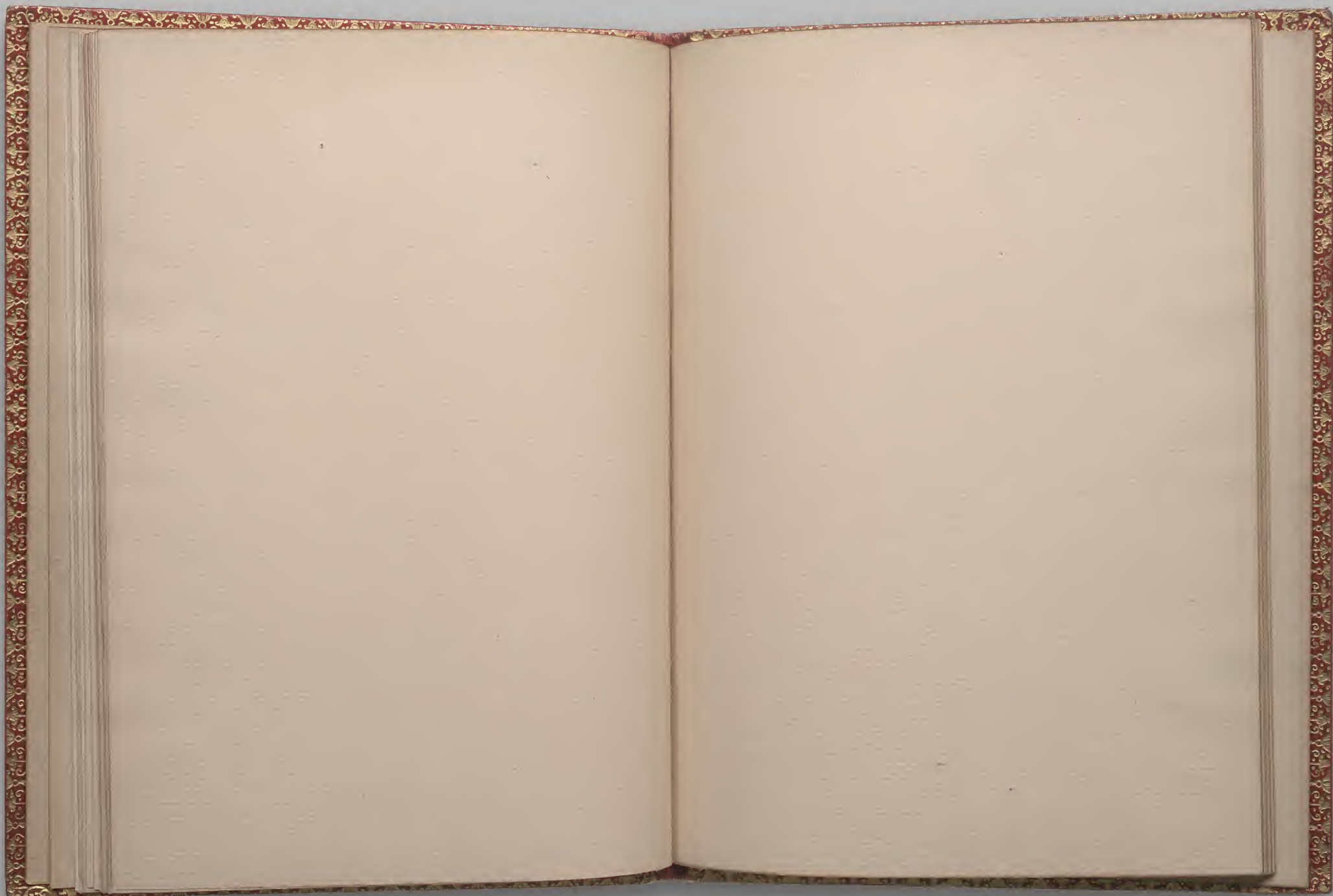


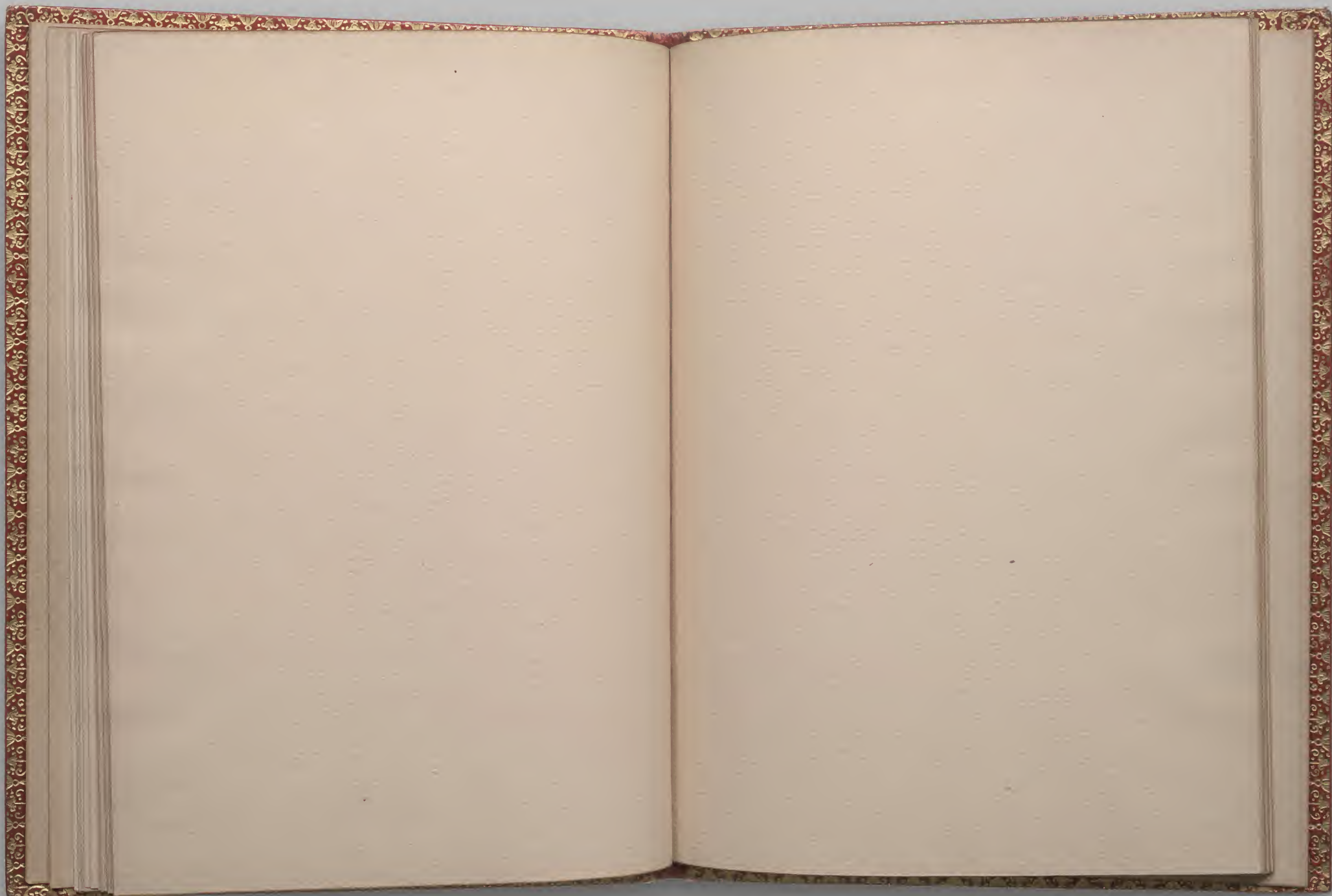




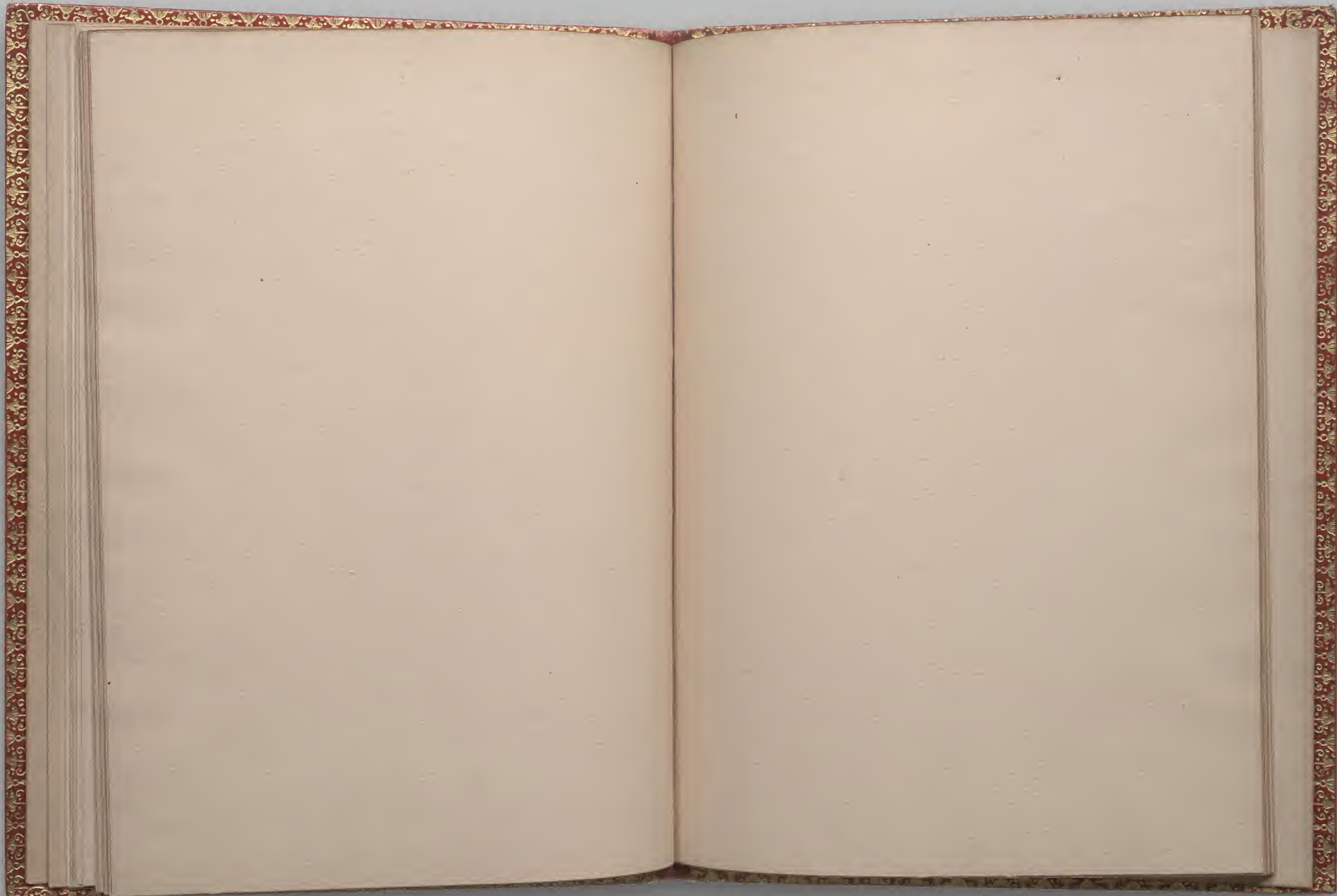


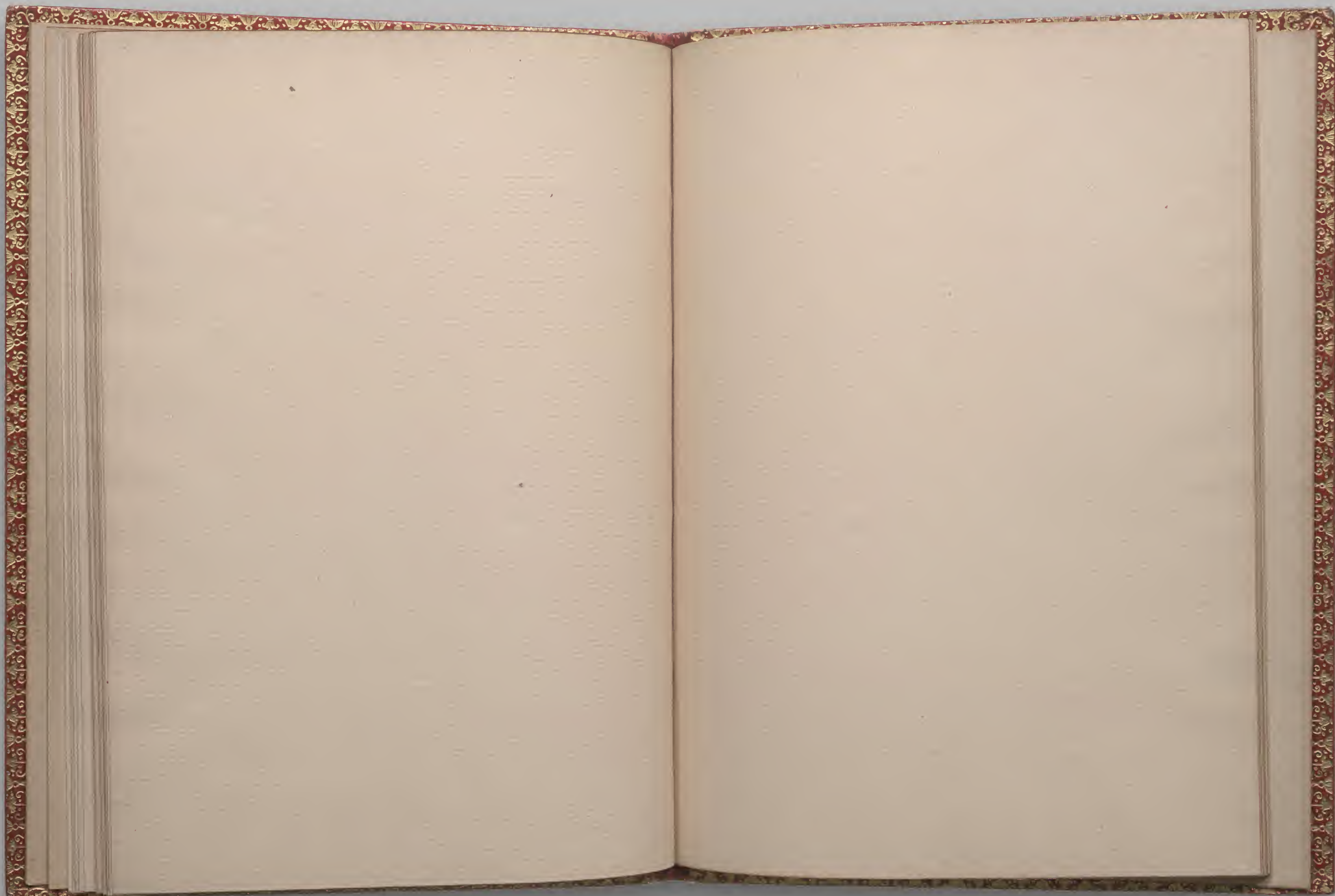




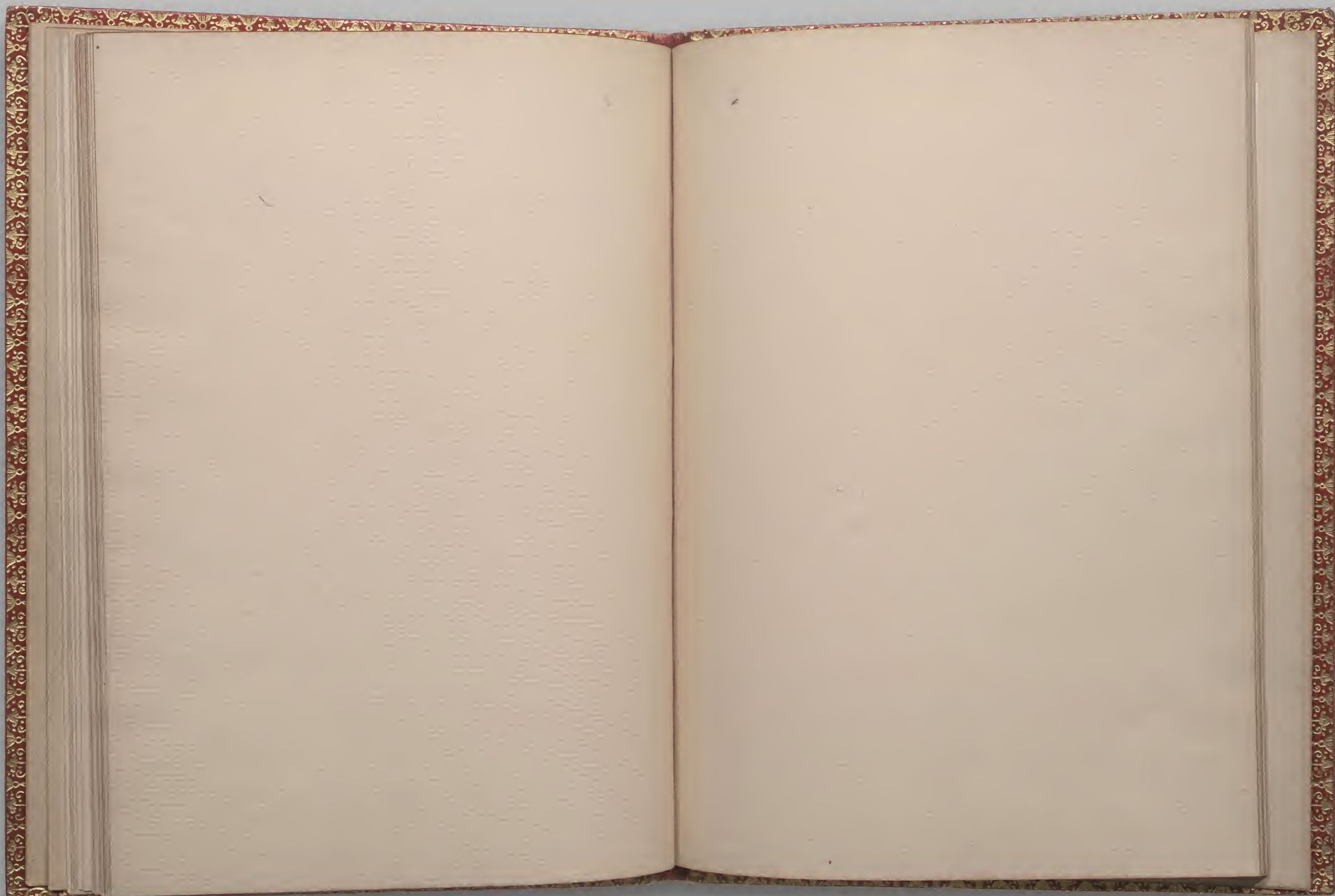


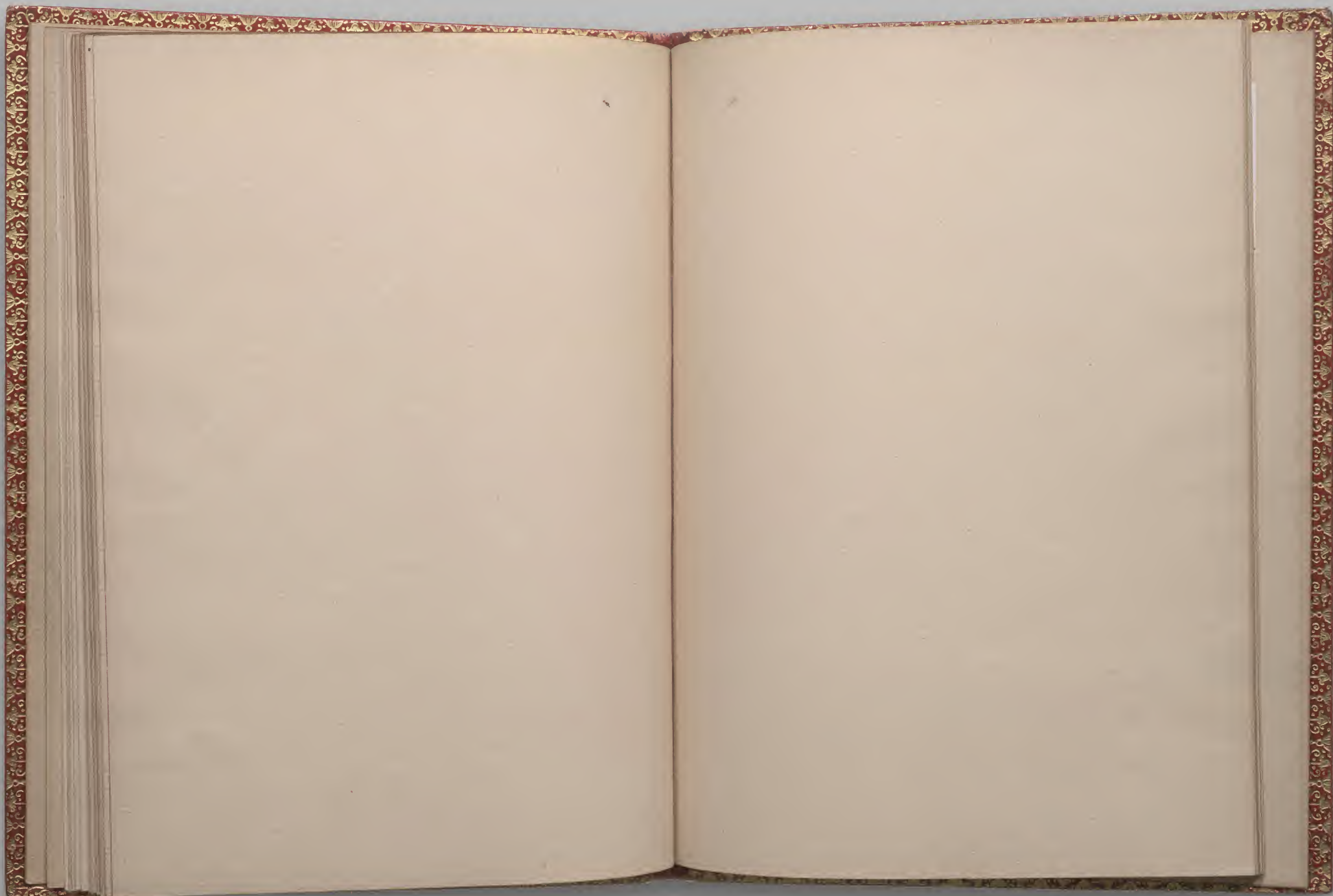




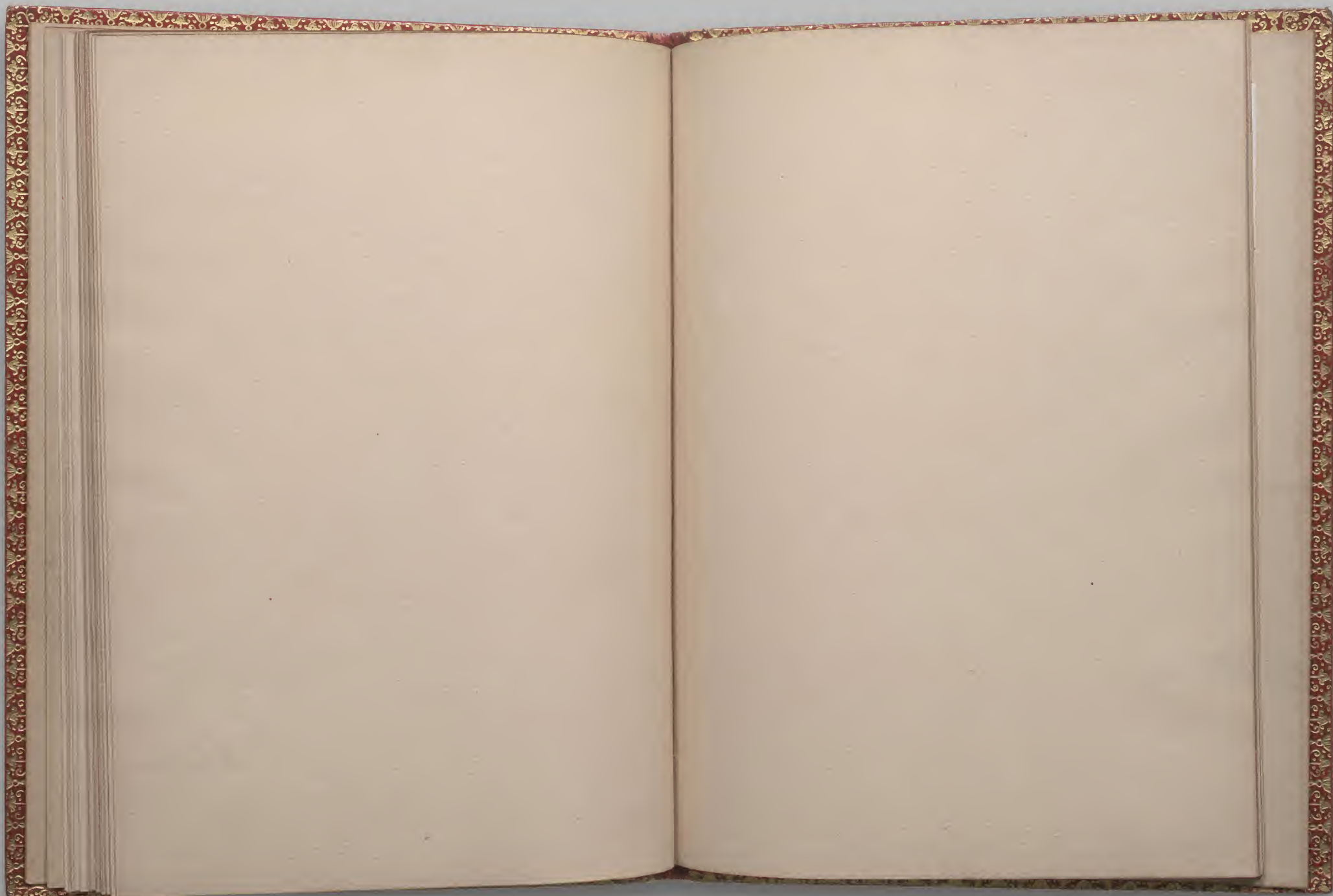


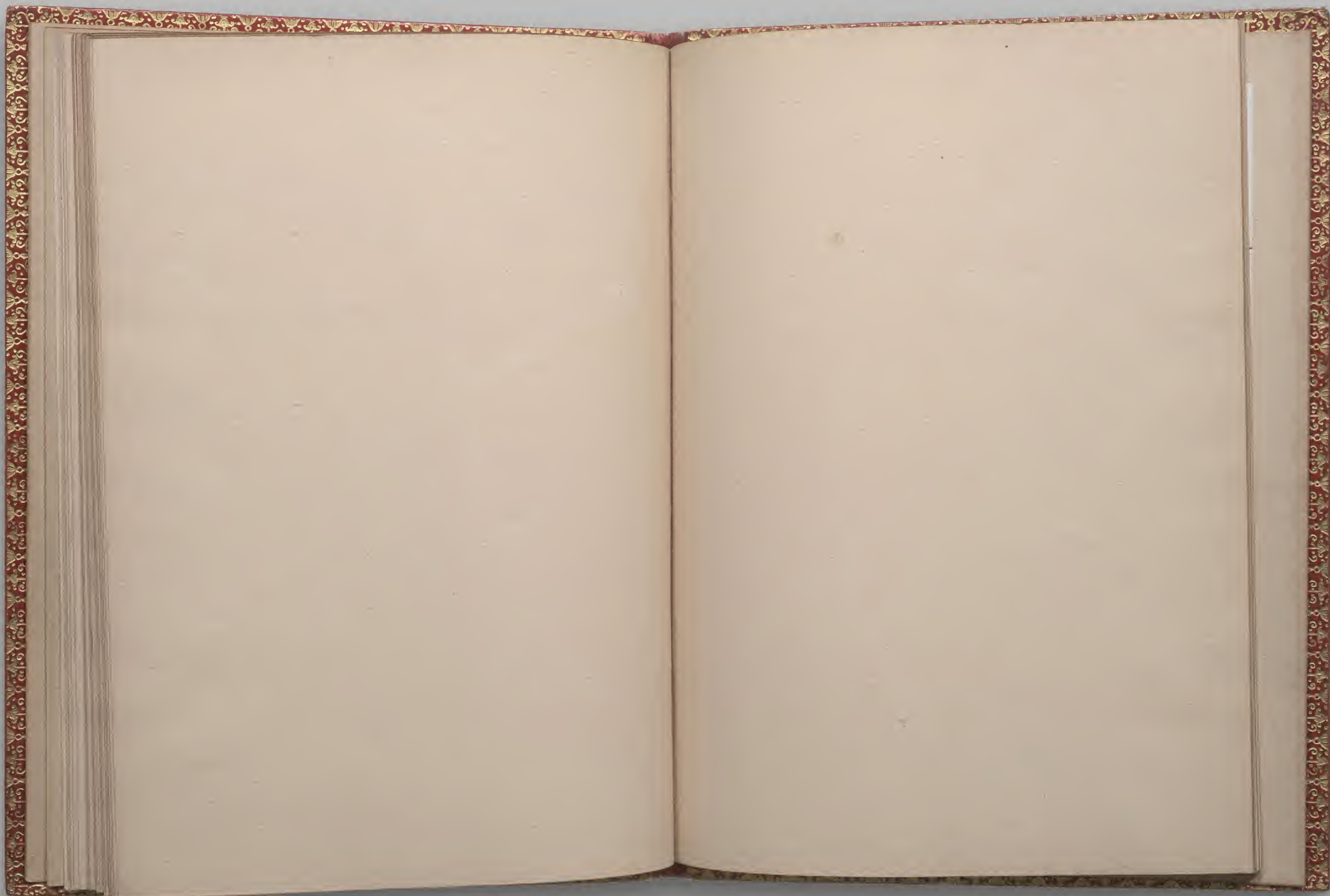




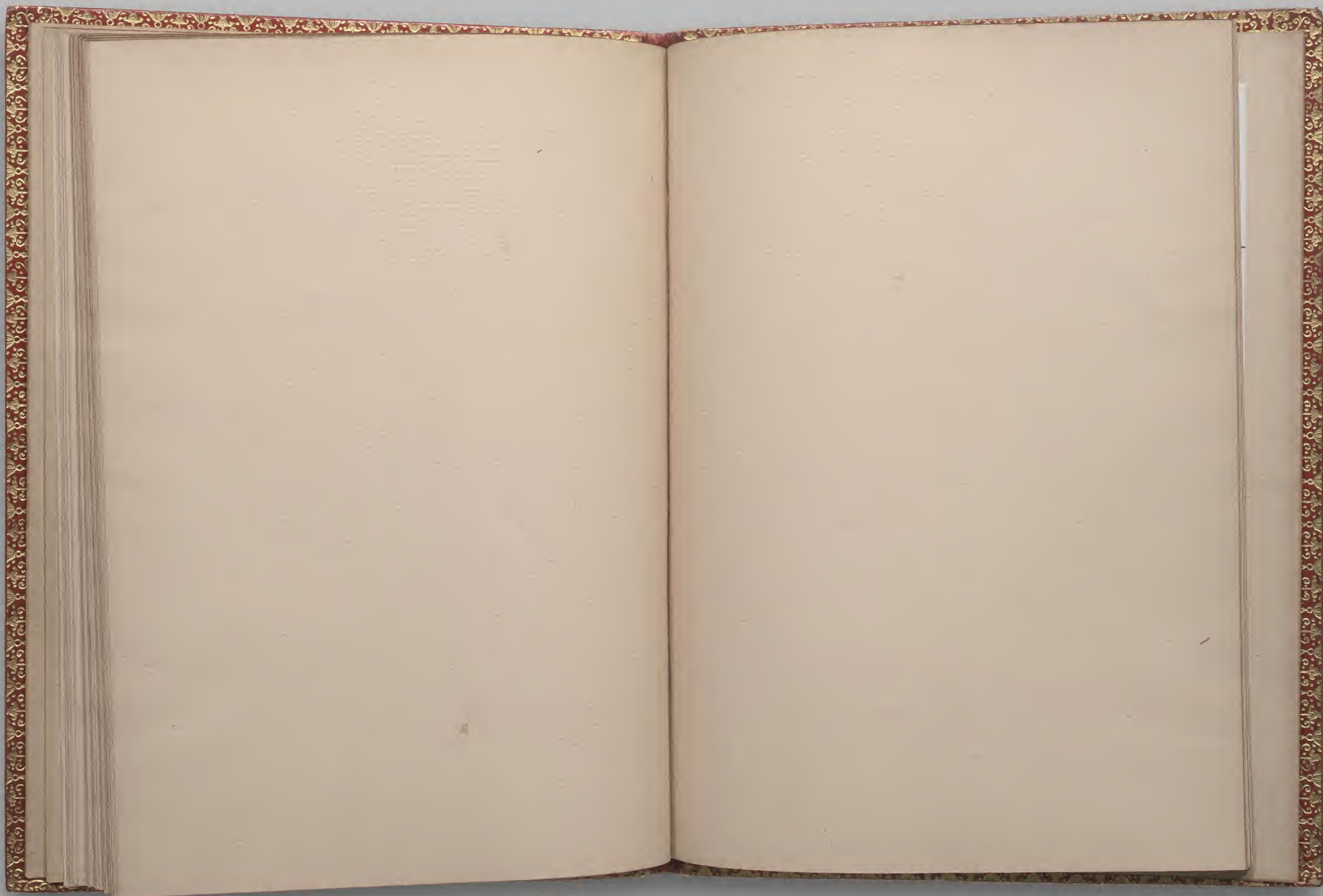


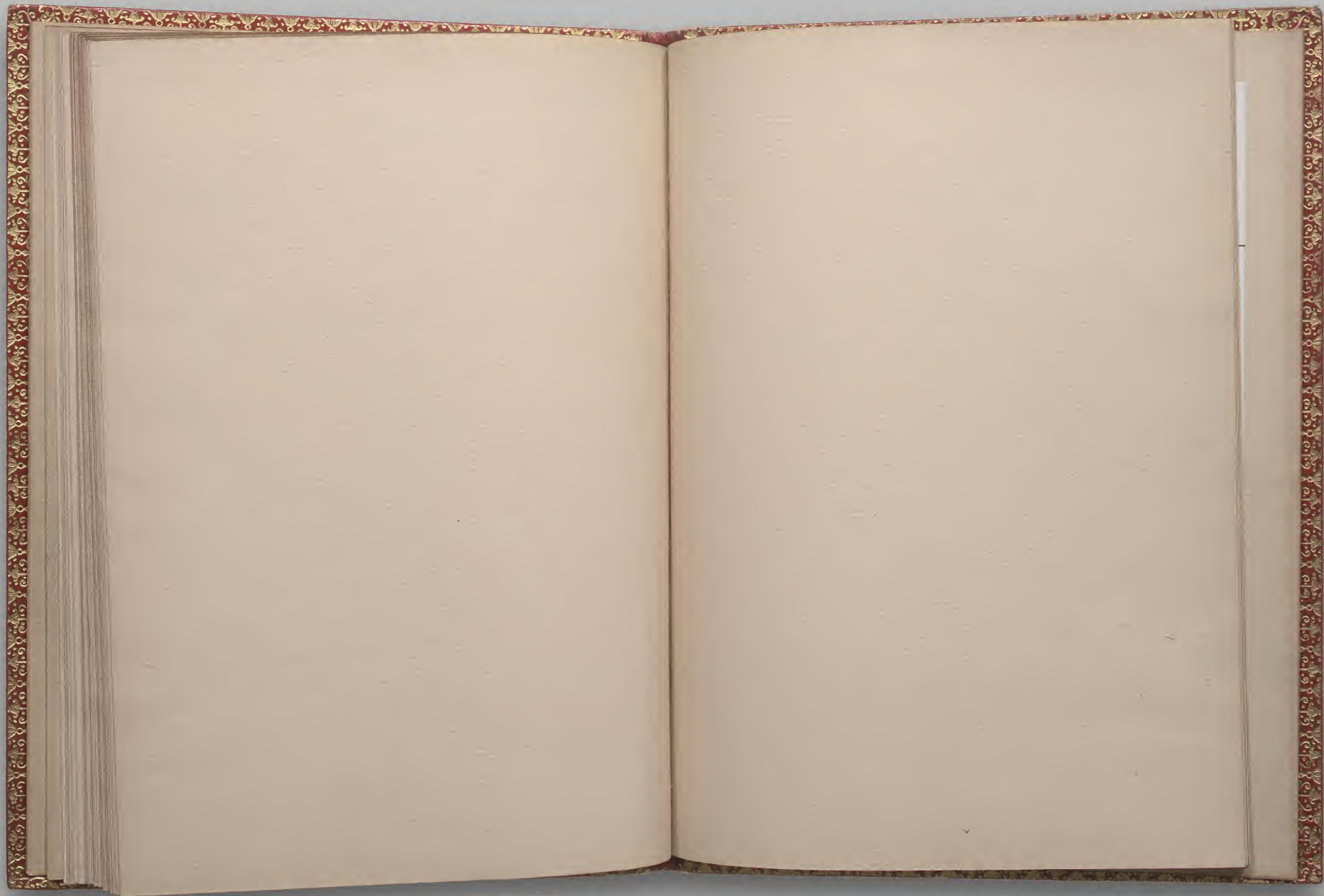




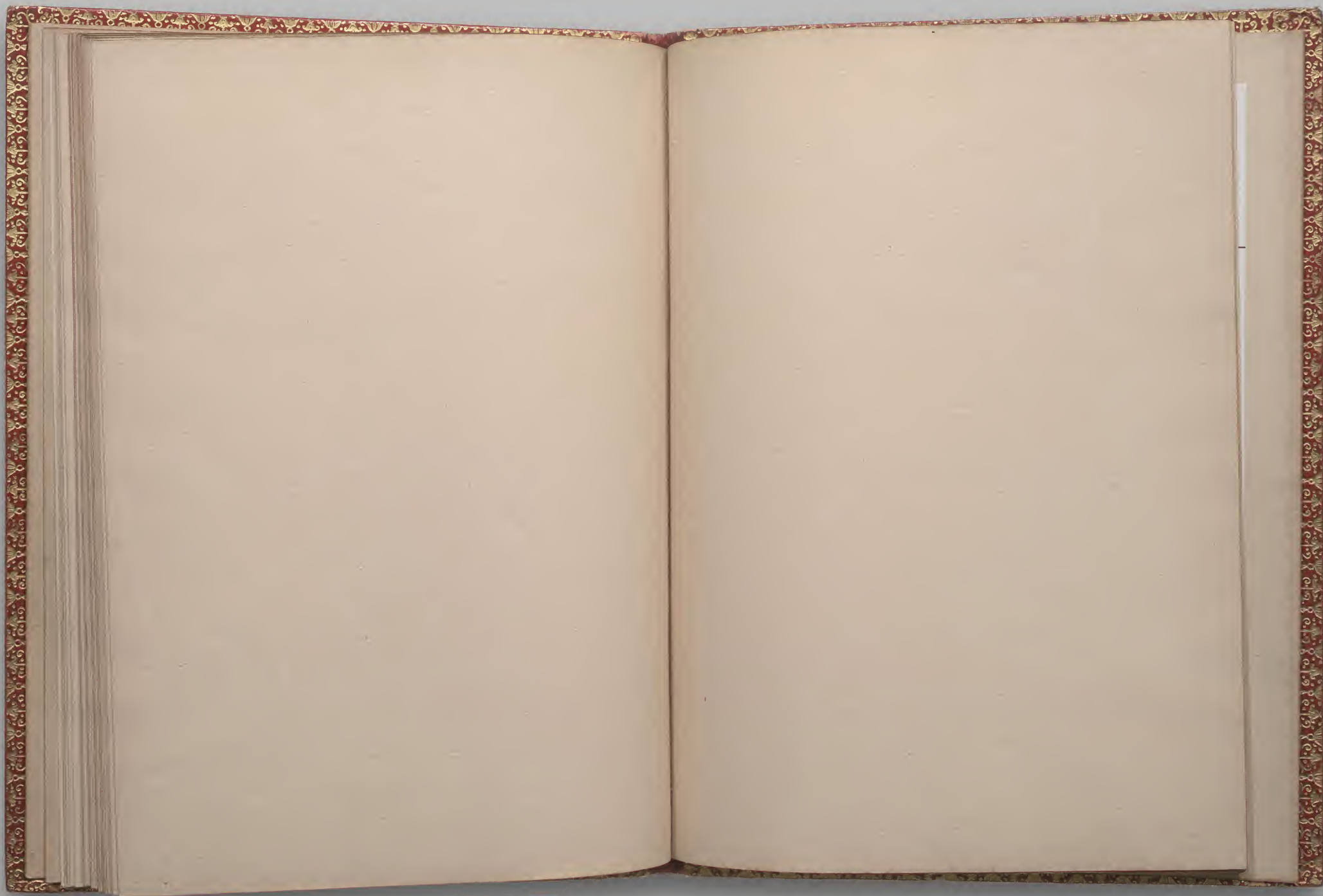


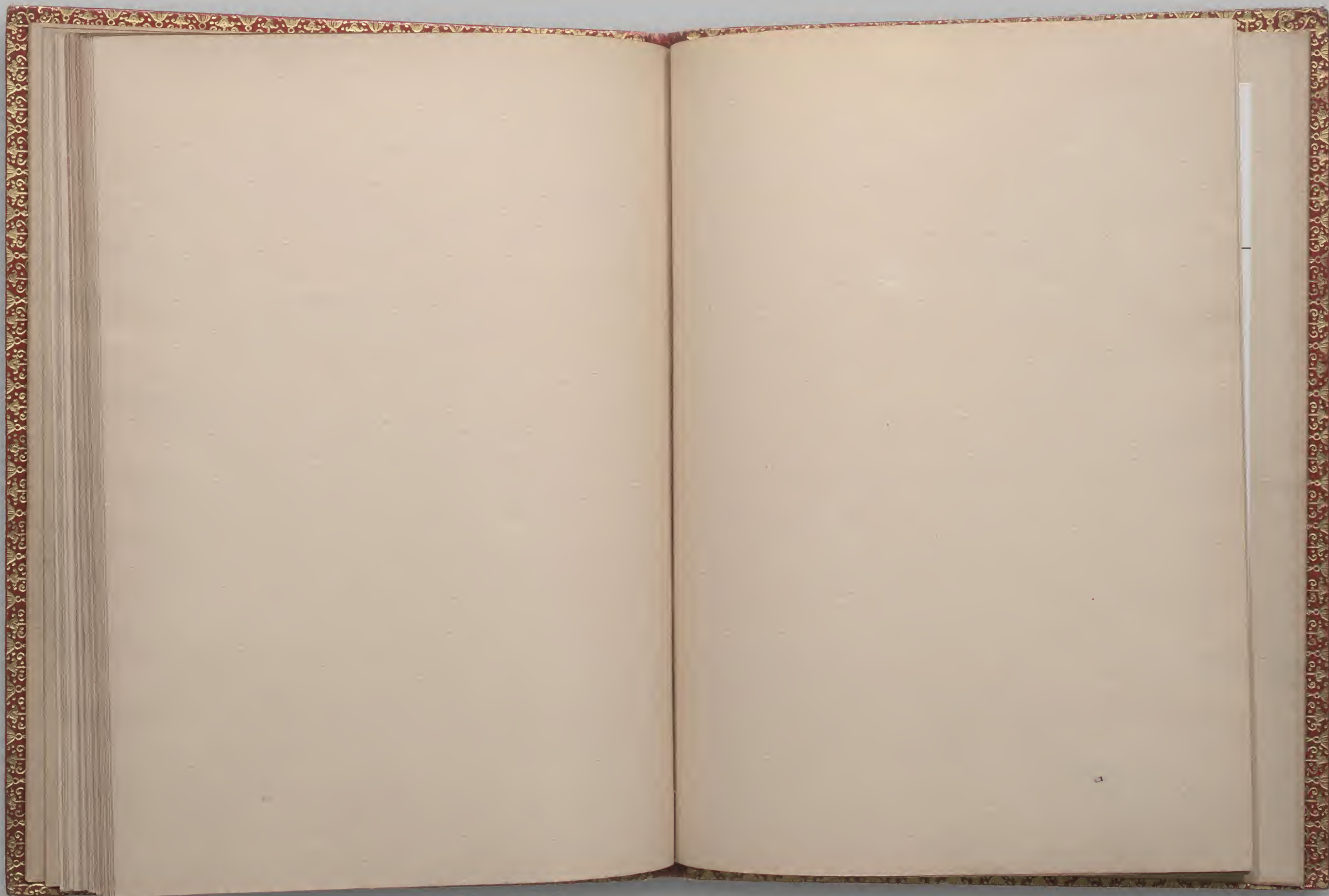




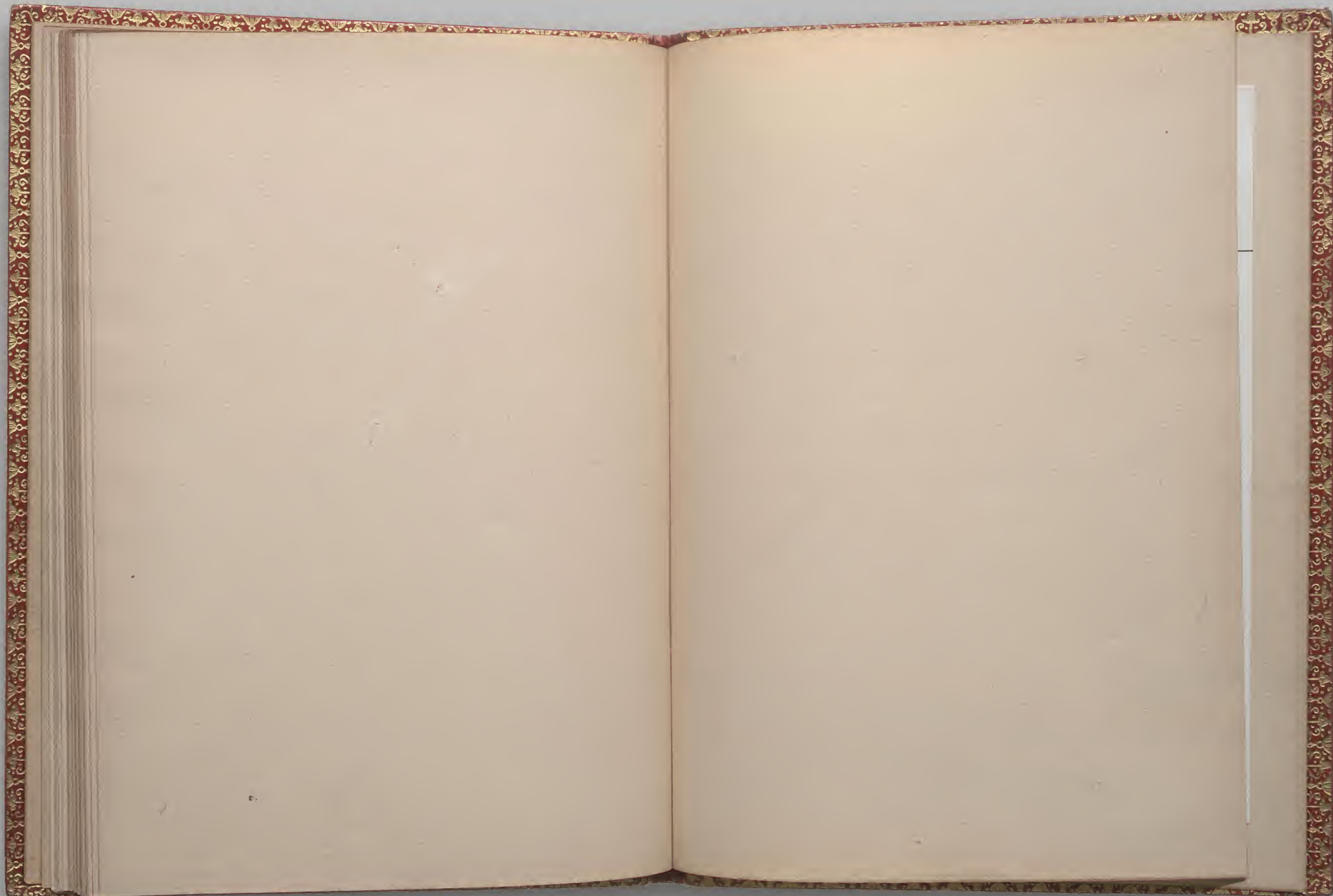












DEPARTMENT OF MANUSCRIPTS

Record of Treatment, Extraction, Repair, etc.

of ~~MS.~~ no. C34 k13

Date	Particulars	Name
12.02.2003	Endleaf secured: tengujo and usp.	Y.
MSS SR7	7/75 7961 351136 8m H&S(P)Ltd Gp841	



